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AMABEL®

AMABEL

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

FRANK HUMPHREYS.



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FRANK HUMPHREYS.

Introduction and Dedication.

INTRODUCTION.

In the composition of "Amabel" the author has endeavored to make his language very plain, not concealing his meaning in a wilderness of words; to use only words which should be in the vocabulary of a grammar-school pupil; to avoid the impure language and allusions of the "poets of passion."

As the verses were written hastily, and in odd moments, the kind reader should overlook all crudities.

It may interest the author's personal friends to know that he set all the type from which this little book is printed.

DEDICATION.

To my friends of the press—the several editors, the several "devils," and the many intermediaries.

THE AUTHOR.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Go, little book! the world is wide,
There's room and verge enough for thee;
For thou hast learned that only pride
Lacketh fit opportunity,
Which comes unbid to modesty.

* * * * *

Beg thou a cup-full from the spring
Of Charity, in Christ's dear name;
Few will deny so small a thing,
Nor ask unkindly is thou came
Of one whose life might do thee shame.

We all are prone to go astray,
Our hopes are bright, our lives are dim;
But thou art pure, and if they say,
"We know thy father, and our whim
He pleases not,"—plead thou for him.

J. R. LOWELL.

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AMABEL.

PART FIRST.

I.

1.

The dome that spans Wyoming vale
Seems ether of a fairer hue
 Than any elsewhere seen ;
And when the waning sunbeams fail,—
When evening shades the sky's bright blue,
 And Heaven appears to lean
Toward the earth to bless pure souls,—
When Night his sable vapor rolls
 Down grand old mountains round,—
Each beauteous star within the sky
Is sure to turn its shining eye
Toward this Eden of the West,
Where friendship dwells within each breast
 And love is ever found.

2.

Where the broad Susquehanna flows
Between high cliffs near Nanticoke,—

Between high cliffs o'ertopped with oak,—
And ever murmurs as it goes,
There dwelt a maid named Amabel,—
A maid as lovely as the rose
To which the June wind softly blows
The tint of storied asphodel,—
A maid with heart as warm and white
As is the lily's spreading chine
What time the morning chases night
And day begins to shine.

3.

Did the lost pleiad of the skies
Transfer his light to her dear eyes?
Ah, no! Their light was softer far
Than that which comes from common star,—
Their light—their liquid light—was given
From fairest orb in highest heaven.

4.

Her hair was of that darksome brown
Which lies on Autumn's somber hills
What time staid Twilight cometh down
To sit and muse by earthly rills;
And yet, to bright its sober shade,
A mere suspicion of the morn
Was in its shadows lightly laid;—

A faint suspicion of the morn
As softly through its shadows strayed
As sunbeams through the tasseled corn.

5.

And now, as slow she wanders down
The mountain's rough and woody side,
Fair Luna drops a silver crown
Upon her head. The streamlets glide
Less noisily,—they would not lose
One note of that entrancing song
With which the maid the echoes woos,
In tones both sweet and strong.

6.

O balmy wind !
My true-love find,
And bid him haste to me ;
The moon so bright
And pale starlight
Will pave a path for thee.

7.

O lovely moon !
Make night as noon,
And guide my love to me ;
Then veil thy sight,
That naught but Night
My happiness may see.

8.

While the last word is echoing yet
From giant rocks around,—
While the charmed air is quivering yet
With that last lovely sound,—
The color of the red June-rose
Flies to the face of Amabel,
And swiftly down the mount she goes
To meet young Lionel.

9.

Ah! who that meeting could portray?
What actor reproduce those sighs,—
Those happy sighs, like symphonies
Which bring the tears into our eyes,
Although the heart be light as day?
Sweet Amabel, with upturned face,
Ne'er thought of Luna far above;
While clasped in Lionel's embrace
Her heart had room for naught but love;
And Lionel held all his world,—
That slender girl, with azure eyes,
And floating hair which round her curled,
Was more to him than Paradise.

10. -

Oh, wondrous sweet is Love's young dream!
And even the old man wanders still

To each old haunt,—the vale, the hill,
The trysting place beside the stream,—
Then sighs to think he did but dream.
When lovers meet earth fades away,
And heaven itself is even forgot;
Love—and Love only—dares to stay,—
Love—Love triumphant—holds full sway

And charms the happy spot.
When lovers meet, stars shine in vain,—
The gentle wind doth vainly sing,—
In vain the flowers their odors fling
To the night breeze,—and even Pain
Will vainly claim attention here;
For lovers dwell from out the sphere
Of bodily ills; naught can them move
Till jealousy shall shake their love;
And even then they love the same,—
Their fancied hate but lives in name.

II.

I.

Young Amabel was daughter of a sire
Who sought this lonely spot to end his days
In quietude. A life-consuming fire
Had preyed upon his heart until the rays
Of reason shone but dimly in his mind;
Yet meek he was, and never aught but kind.

2.

Two years before he moved to this lone place,
His wife was murdered, sleeping in her bed.
'Twas in his absence, and a lifeless face
Was turned to his when he returnèd home,—
A face where dark Decay was come to nome,—
A lifeless face——What more needs to be said ?

3.

O Death ! thou torturer of loving hearts !
Thou mental Inquisition ! couldst thou not
Have come in other form ? Thou hast blunt darts
Which kill so slowly that, ere life departs,
The dying one may ease the frenzy wrought
By thy approach ; and he who is left behind,
May in the last farewell some solace find.

4.

So Amabel, when but a child, was brought
To this lone mount ; and here she grew so fair
She scarce seemed human. Happy was her lot ;
For wealth her father had, and tenderly
He loved and guarded her. His anxious care
Was such as in hurt minds we often see,—
A love pathetic in intensity.

5.

And he had private tutors for the maid,
So she was learned in things which go to make
Beauty more beautiful ; and ne'er a shade
Of sorrow yet had crossed her life, save that
For her dear mother's death, and that was faded
Near from her memory. For her sweet sake
Her father ne'er complained, and so peace sat
Light in her heart—that heart soon to be o'ershaded
By darkest clouds. Alas ! the happiest heart
Is fairest target for foul Slander's dart.

III.

I.

The father of Lionel lived in the vale,
At the foot of the mountain, and close to that stream
So famous in song, and in hist'ry, and tale,—
The broad Susquehanna, whose calm waters flow
With a music as grand and as sweet and as low
As the mystical strains that one hears in a dream.

2.

In summer young Lionel worked on the farm
Of his father, and after the harvest he went
To the school at old Shawnee. Ten winters well spent
Served to strengthen his mind, and his fancy to charm,
Without making his heart grow impure or less warm.

3.

Much out-of-door work had developed his form
To that of an athlete, and in his brown face
Were beauty and power and truth, while the grace
Of his movements spoke aught but the country-bred lad.
In his eyes were calm light and the glare of the storm,—
That shone in good moments and this flashed in bad.

IV.

I.

How could these two young people meet
And not be moved by love ?
Doth not bright Cupid wait above
For such occasions sweet ?
Though he be blind, his arrow flies
Straight to the mark for which he tries.

2.

It seems to me an angel's song
Must bear the hidden shaft along ;
For, like blest music's grandest strain,
Love rends the heart with sweetest pain,—
A pain that is excess of joy—
Pure bliss without alloy.

3.

But, Cupid, thou shouldst leave a sprite
To guard the wounded heart ;

For thou no sooner dost depart
Than cometh, like a blight,
 Envy,—
 Then he
 Ushers Slander ;
 While bitter Pain
 Will here again
 Slow meander.

V.

I.

A better-hearted man than young Jack Dent
Ne'er drew a trigger nor a sappling bent.
A handsome, joyous youth, with ne'er a care
For what the morrow held, his jaunty air
Won many hearts among the maids around ;
And where was heard a flute or fiddle's sound
Young Jack was sure to be, and his bright glance
Shone at each party, husking-bee and dance.

2.

In feats of strength he was acknowledged chief
Of all the country round ; and the belief
That he had help from Satan gained much ground
Through his wild acts ; and yet the dames who frowned
Admired Jack, and heartily wished that they
Had boys so kind and bluff and strong and gay ;

For he was ever ready, heart and hand,
To cheer the ill, and by the weak to stand.

VI.

I.

Of all the maidens of the vale,
Proud Edith Keen the most pleased Jack,—
A maid with hair and eyes jet black,
And haughty face, as lilies pale,—
And she loved him, and oft by night
They met in groves, and 'neath the light
Of paly stars they breathed their vows,
While love sang in o'erhanging boughs.

2.

But Edith went to school away,
And though she told poor Jack that she
Could never change, he felt as he
Had lost her ever and for aye;
But when a dainty letter came
With vows of love, he felt the flame
Of hope once more within him rise,
And flashed again his merry eyes.

VII.

I.

And Edith really did prove true
To Jack, and she returned one Spring

With longing in her heart
To fall into his arms anew,
Unto his manly form to cling,
And never from him part.

2.

When Jack and Edith met alone,
Her greeting was so warm that he
Forgot the lonely past ;
Her loving kisses would atone
For thrice the absence, and now she
Was his alone at last.

VIII.

1.

How is it that learning which strengthens the mind
Can make the heart cold to all natural worth ?
Can make it to worth without knowledge grow blind ?
Ah ! surely for what learning gives us a dearth
Of love oft is felt in the heart, to make room
For Knowledge to sit on pure Nature's sealed tomb.

2.

There are persons whom learning can not make grow
cold
Or impure ; but when Pride has a home in the heart,
A draught from the fountain of Knowledge will mold

Its core to a state in which nothing but Art
Can impress it ; and Nature will fly from the place,
Which is cold as the smile on a hypocrite's face.

3.

There are hearts which have room for both learning
and love,—
There are hearts which have room for all good things
and chaste ;
There are hearts which are moved by the grand skies
above,
By the smallest of flowers, and old ocean's wild waste;—
But vanity ne'er in their chambers had place ;
They can not hold pride, nor aught evil embrace.

4.

The three years she spent at a large boarding-school,
Among maids of society's hard upper-crust,
Made Edith's proud heart grow perceptibly cool
To true worth ; and Jack's boisterous greeting seemed
A trifle too vulgar to suit the high tone [just
Of a mind which in Madame Duran's set had shone.

5.

And after the first fervid greetings were o'er,
She could not help thinking poor Jack sadly changed ;
—When in truth 'twas her heart that was changed ;—
but she bore

With his bearish caresses, while slowly there ranged
O'er her soul both disgust and repugnance that she
Could have given her love to a boor such as he.

IX.

I.

Alas for manly Jack !
It did not take him long to see
The change in Edith. Bitterly
The fearful truth came o'er his heart,
And mute he watched her love depart—
Ne'er to come back.

2.

And now three weeks were flown
Since he had met her last, and he
Felt certain that she purposely
Avoided him ; and dire despair
Seized on his heart ; but he would ne'er
Deign to make moan.

3.

But he the cause would know
Of her behavior, and the one
Who stole her love away from him,
Should feel his vengeance, though the sun
To hide him should its lustre dim
And cease to glow.

X.

I.

'Twas after many weary days
Of waiting, that at last, one eve,
He met false Edith in a grove ;—
He met her in the winding ways
Where often they had strolled to breathe
The pledges of undying love,—
To breathe their love so soft and low
That nothing save the roaming wind,
And arching boughs above entwined,
Might their sweet secret know.

2.

How peacefully the valley lay
In slumber, while the river sang
A lullaby, and e'en the boughs
Stood still to hear the waters play !
And then, as clear the church bell rang
With that blest music which endows
The faltering soul with stronger hope,
A gentle peace came down the slope
Of silent hills, but could not part
The anguish from Jack's tortured heart.

3.

With all the calm he could assume,
He questioned her until he got

Confession from her that her love
For him was flown. The awful gloom
Which clothed his face seemed passion brought
From deepest hell.—The birds above
Flew from the trees, as if in fear
Of that black storm which raged beneath ;
And Edith's face grew pale as death,
With dread of what she knew was near.

4.

In those low, hissing tones which mark
The near approach of hurricane,
The storm commenced :—" Oh, false as hell
You who have made the whole earth dark
For me, and given ceaseless pain
Unto my heart,—you knew full well
My love for you, and well you knew
What loss of your love meant to me !
And now, by heaven ! I swear to you
That you shall ne'er the morrow see
Unless you name the man who stole
Your love from me ! His name, I say !
Or, though perdition seize my soul,
You ne'er shall see another day !"

5.

He paused,—low moans of mortal fear
Were all that smote his waiting ear.

He gazed,—the pallor of her face
Made him recoil and touched his heart;
And instantly he changed his tone
To that of pity ; ne'er a trace
Of rage remained, and love alone
Was in the words with which he sought
To calm her fears. The passion wrought
Within him, now caused tears to start,
And, without utterance of a word,
He threw himself upon the sward,
And only he and Edith heard
The sobs which floated heavenward,—
The awful sobs which caused the tears
To drive away weak Edith's fears,
And brought her to her knees to calm
His agony, with words of balm,
And clasp him in a warm embrace,
And shower kisses on his face.

6.

When he had overcome his woe,
She told him no one had her love ;
And with the pretty female art
She had, she strove to let him know
Her reason for this change of heart,
In gentle terms which could not move
His vanity. She said that she

Could never really love another,
And she would love him "as a brother."
And Jack was sorry for his wrath,
And promised that he'd ever be
Her slave; and slowly up the path,
Hand clasped in hand, they took their way
To where the solemn mountain lay.

7.

And being come unto its base,
They saw the gentle Amabel
Held close in Lionel's embrace,
That happy look upon her face
Whose inspiration Love can tell,—
That happy look which glows with fire
Prometheus stole for us from heaven,—
The soul-and-mind-absorbing fire
Which only to pure hearts is given.

8.

The startled lovers sprang apart
When, purposely, Jack made a noise;
But when they saw 'twas but a pair
Of other mortals wed in heart,—
As they supposed,—the frightened air
Fled from them, and, with downcast eyes,
They stood as though ashamed to speak;
But Jack soon put them at their ease;

And though the twain seemed very meek,
Their joyous shouts pealed through the trees
When he trolled forth a merry song,
Nonsensical as it was long.

9.

After a short time spent in chat,
The couples parted. Lionel
Accompanied sweet Amabel
Up the steep mount to where her home
Stood dark against earth's jeweled dome;
And Jack and Edith crossed the flat
To where the latter lived, and there
They parted, with a warm embrace;
But sorrow still lurked in Jack's face,
While Edith's wore a studious air.

XI.

I.

O Hope! thy dews are sweeter than the flow
Of Lethe's turbid stream, which does not drown
The senses, but can only numb our pain;
For Misery still wails his howlings down
Sleep's shadowy vales, and in dread dreams again
Despair will o'er the wretch his meshes throw.

2.

There is no full unconsciousness for man
On this side of the grave. Despair still holds
The hopeless wretch although he be asleep ;
But when Hope lives in the heart, she softly folds
The sleeper in sweet dreams which from him ban
All forms of pain, and angel anthems sweep
Adown the heaven and through his slumbers creep.

3.

Hale Hope flew to the heart of Jack once more,
And stirred her downy wings within his breast
So lightly that dim visions broke his rest ;
But they were sweet and brought him sights of blest
And holy wedded life ; then angels bore
Himself and Edith through heaven's azure floor.
Thus blest with peaceful visions through the night,
He almost cursed Aurora for her light ;
But Hope still tarried in his waking hours,
Though Night stole many of her fairest flowers.

XII.

But different far were Edith's long night hours :—
Ambition bred within her grosser sins,—
Ambition strong, who dwells in poisonous bowers,
Must pass through hell ere he his heaven wins,—
And she lay plotting through the silent night

How best to win the love of Lionel,
Who now seemed chief of men within her sight;
While for the beauteous, innocent Amabel
She felt a hate as deep as it was wrong,—
A hate which made her erst weak nature strong
To do the devil's work, and do it well.

XIII.

Ah, sweet the parting of that gentle pair
Who took their way far up the gloomy mount!
The maid whose violet eyes were as a fount
Of love perpetual and whose glistening hair
Clung round her lover as a Cupid-snare,
Was lying in his arms; and when he kissed
The dewy lips, a faint, suspicious mist
Rose in her eyes, while on her neck and face
A loving crimson took its willing place.

XIV.

I.

When at the trysting time of eve
The youth confesses love,
Though swift the maiden's bosom heave
And glad tears spring above,—
Though every echo of her heart
Respond unto his own,—

The blood into her face will dart,
As if she wrong had done.

2.

On balmy days of early June
When breezes softly sing
A sweet and yet a solemn tune,
In memory of the Spring,—
The youthful rosebud leans to kiss
The lily, in her place ;
But though she love him, and 'tis bliss,
His color tints her face.

3.

When soft the breezes drop the dew
Into the murmuring streams,
And Dian comes with charms to woo
Old Tellus to his dreams ;
Though pure and chaste may be the glance
She casts upon his bed,—
And though the streamlets joyous dance,—
Meek Hesper blushes red.

4.

Ah ! thus the passion chaste to own
Can put to blush the maid ;
The lily's sweetest scent is blown
Beneath the rosebud's shade ;

And Amabel's pure, joyous heart
Sent color to her face :
Pure nature far surpasses art
In beauty's every grace.

XV.

The lingering parting o'er, though loth to go,
The youth departed for the vale below.



PART SECOND.

I.

I.

When mellow Autumn drove the sap
Of sighing trees into the fruits,
To make them meet to deck earth's lap,—
When fields put on their yellow suits,
To celebrate the harvest time,—
When from surrounding hills sublime
An incense sweet arose to heaven,
And, from the mother-branches riven,
The first sere leaves fell to the earth,
From thence to rise in a new birth,—
The fair and gentle Amabel
Lay weeping 'neath a broad oak's shade,—
The wondrous fair and lovely maid
Lay 'neath a tree where Lionel
Had often held her to his heart,—
Lay 'neath a tree which seemed a part
Of her dear love, for it had heard
Full many a fond and passionate word
Spoke 'neath its branches, and each sigh
Which floated softly to the sky,

Had gently kissed¹ its listening leaves ;
But now the sighs which reached its leaves
Were such as Sorrow, when she grieves
In loneliest hours, might send above
For lost or unrequited love.

2.

And now the lovely Amabel
Has sobbed herself asleep.
The amorous breezes creep
Around that form they love so well.
Her hair—her dark but sparkling hair—
Is floating o'er her bosom fair ;
One frolicsome and wanton tress—
One lovely tress—has risen now
To greet the playful wind,—
To greet the wind which stops to bow
To charms no tongue can e'er express ;
But quick returns to its dear place
Upon her pure, velutinous face,—
That face in which each lightest line—
In which each bright, determinate sign—
Reveals the perfect mind.

3.

The ancient oak its boughs doth part
To let the sunbeams through,—
To let the warm rays through

To nestle near her wounded heart,
As heaven's pearly dew
Will seek the drooping lily's heart,
And only from its breast depart
When drawn to heaven above
By Sol's supernal love.

4.

Oh, but her sad and tear-stained face
Would move a Nero's heart!
Seraphs might leave their heavenly place
And to her soul impart
Their balms; for sure her looks would melt
The hardest heart that ever dwelt
Within the breast of man
Since first the world began!

5.

Ah, yes! the angels surely stood
Around her as she lay,
To guard her saddened maidenhood
And drive pale Pain away;
For, see! a faint smile gleams
Upon her pure and holy face,
As though Love's gentle, soothing grace
Had blest her in her dreams!

II.

I.

Why should that gentle maiden weep ?
What meant those sobs, as strong and deep
As sorrow for the dead ?
Why should cold Misery come down
And drop his agonizing crown
Upon her beauteous head ?
Ah, Slander, of base fiends the king,
Had thrown the shadow of his wing
Upon the lovely maid
Who wept beneath the shade !

2.

With modest looks, and pitying tone,
The wicked Edith filled the mind
Of Lionel with basest lies
That Amabel's love for him was flown ;
And he, the jealous youth and blind,
Ne'er read the falsehood in her eyes,
But with a rash and furious haste
He flew to lovely Amabel
And said that she was false to him.
As when far over distant fell
The dying daylight seems to waste
Into the darkening heavens dim,
The happy light fled from her face
And left sore Sorrow in its place.

3.

She could not ope her lips to speak :
The awful horror seemed to wreak
A spell upon her : sorrowful eyes
Alone rebuked the wicked lies.

4.

The youth took silence for assent,
And frenzy, born of jealousy,
New fire to his anger lent :
“Vile girl, through all your tricks I see !
You have but played the flirt with me,
While you have loved Jack Dent !”

5.

The maiden now found voice to speak :
“Love Jack ? poor Jack ?” she queried low ;—
For she had heard, from Jack’s own lips,
The story of false Edith’s freak ;
How she had dealt the cruel blow
Which threw his hopes in dark eclipse ;
And pity filled her tender heart,
And caused compassionate tears to start ;—
But ere she could the charge deny,
The angry and mistaken youth
Heaped terms of bitter obloquy
Upon her head,—such terms, in truth,

As called an angry blush of shame
Into her face,—then, with the name
Of harlot ringing through the air,
He turned and left her standing there,
To wrestle with Despair.

III.

What wonder that the stricken maid
Lay weeping on the ground,—
Lay sobbing on the ground
Beneath the broad oak's sheltering shade?
What wonder that she found
Sweet solace in the dreams that strayed,
Like music, through her sleep?
The blessed angels keep
Their vigils o'er pure souls and lone,
Until they claim them as their own.

IV.

The lovely maid awakes with sighs,
To feel that bitter pain
Steal through her heart again;
And swiftly in her azure eyes
The shades of woe again arise.
Called harlot! she! by Lionel!
By him, the youth she loved so well!

No ! no ! she did but dream ! he ne'er
 Could deem her false to him !
 But gathering waters dim
Her sight, and on the startled air
There rings a shriek of wild despair.
—While echoes yet reply around,
She sinks, unconscious, to the ground.

V.

I.

That piercing shriek has reached the ear
Of one who roams in sorrow near.
'Tis Jack, and instantly he flies
To where the maid unconscious lies ;
Then, with a touch as light as though
A mother raised her first-born child,
He bears her where a streamlet wild
 Is sparkling in its flow,
And bathes her brow till Consciousness
Returns—and fetches dire Distress.

2.

Moved by the sight of her wild woe,
Jack's tender and affectionate heart
Caused tears of sympathy to start ;—
Caused tears of sympathy to flow
 Adown his wasted face ;—

For how could he but trace
Her tears to unrequited love
When his own tortured heart still strove
With it? Ah, our own griefs arise,
Strong-mirrored, in another's eyes!

3.

With that control of self which he
Had lately learned, he hurriedly
Forced back the tears into his heart;
And slowly leading Amabel
Toward her home, he begged that she
 Would all her troubles tell,
So might he yet remove the dart
Which rankled in her quivering heart,
 And all might yet be well.

VI.

With many tears, and many sighs,
Sweet Amabel began the tale
Of that sad scene with Lionel;
But wild the light within her eyes,
Her face than Death's was far more pale,
When she essayed the part to tell
Where Lionel had said her love
Was given to Jack; and through the grove
Her voice rang like Hope's dying shriek

When she pronounced the awful word
Which lately she had heard
Fall from the lips of Lionel,—
The word which seemed to wreak
Upon her every sense a spell,
Excepting that it left with her
That feeling of despair,—
The poison of despair,
Which makes all things of lovely hue
Seem dull to our changed view.

VII.

I.

But look upon the face of Jack !
And look within his eyes !
What memories does her tale bring back ?
There seemeth to arise
Despair, Hate, Murder, in his face,
While from her long-accustomed place—
His eyes—Love takes her flight,
As frightened by their wicked light.

2.

Full many a scene comes back to him,
Which formerly was dark and dim ;
And now upon those scenes a light

Is shed, which makes their meaning plain,
Yet makes his night but darker night,—
Intensifies his pain.

3.

It oft had seemed to him, of late,
That Lionel had transferred his love
To Edith, and a bitter hate
 He felt for that poor youth ;
But this deduction to disprove,—
 To show him its untruth,—
He needed but to note the love
 Between the gentle pair,
 Young Lionel
 And Amabel,
The steadfast and the fair.

4.

He oft had marked the subtle art
With which false Edith played the part
Of dearest friend to Lionel ;—
He oft had seen the loving light
Which sprang into her cold black eye
Whenever Lionel was nigh,—
Whenever stood within her sight
The lover of young Amabel ;—
But never in the open face
Of Lionel had been a trace

Of aught to show return of love ;
Else—by the powers above !
Immediate death had been his doom,—
His bed of love had been a tomb !

VIII.

Oh ! when the heart has hoped 'gainst hope,—
When the sad mind doth darkly grope
For light, for many weary days,—
How from the soul is dashed all good
And gentle feelings,—how the brood
Of hell dispels the last dim rays
Of holy light,—when, at one thrust,
The angel Hope is turned to dust,
And all her healing flowers
Are lost in the departed hours !

IX.

I.

The woeful tale of Amabel
Has turned Jack's erstwhile tender heart
Into a veritable hell
Of violent passions. Demons dart
The deadly shafts of jealousy—
The maddening spears of jealousy—
Into his soul ; and one may trace .

The arch-fiend's image in his face,
So frightful its intensity.

2.

Too well he sees through Edith's plot
To win the love of Lionel
By slandering sweet Amabel ;—
Too well to him the truth is brought
That all her love for him is flown,—
Transferred unto another one,—
Given to another one unsought,—
And easy 'tis for fiends to start
Mad thoughts of murder in his heart.

3.

What though no thought of love is given
To Edith by stanch Lionel ?
Has not his sorrowing heart been riven
By keener bolts than imps of hell
E'er drove through a forsaken soul ?
Might not he now have reached the goal
For which he struggled long and well,
But that the face of Lionel

 Stood 'twixt his love and him,
And made his own rough beauty dim ?

4.

Yes ! Lionel's accursèd face
Has filled the mirror of that heart

Which long had held his own ;
But, ere the day be flown,
The hand of Azrael shall start
The worm of Death into that heart ;—
The hand of Azrael shall place
The dews of Death upon that face.

5.

“ I'll murder both ! ” he hoarsely cries ;
Then turns, and down the mountain speeds.
“ Stop, Jack ! ”—the furious youth complies ;
“ Come back ! ”—and this command he heeds
For there is something in the tone
Of Amabel, he must obey :
That voice is surely not her own !
Is this the gentle maid who lay
Beneath the oak—a stricken dove
That lightest touch of man might move ?

6.

That rounded, yet still girlish, form,
Just ripening to the glowing charm
Of full-blown womanhood,
Seems as an empress of the wood ;
And cowed before its majesty,
The youth stands with a downcast eye.

7.

“ You'll murder whom ? ” The humbled youth
Bursts into tears, and all the truth
Is sobbed into her listening ears ;
And thus the horrified maiden hears
How one of her own sex can be
Fallen to the use of calumny,
To further her own wicked ends,
Even though she wound the chief of friends.

X.

Still calmly speaking, Amabel
Endeavored to convince poor Jack
That he had sought a wicked course ;
But though she reasoned long and well,
His face grew wildly stern and black,
While in his sunken eyes the force
Of savageness which still remains
 In every human heart,
 Did yet more fiercely dart
Its fires, as flash heaven's thunder flames.

XI.

As when a rocket loses force,
And, stayed in its supernal course,
 Drops slowly toward the earth,—
So Amabel, no more upheld

By wild excitement, shuddering sank
Upon a slightly rising bank
Of moss, and her sad heart gave birth
 To bitter tears which welled
 From out her shadowed eyes,
As rain drops fall from darkened skies.

XII.

O woman's tears! in your sad flow
 Ye move all human hearts!
Quintessence of all earthly woe!
 Your purity imparts
To souls of men its own blest hue,
And none so hard but yields to you.

XIII.

I.

The tears of sorrowing Amabel
Could not be long withstood by Jack:
The healing drops will not stay back,
But flowing down his face, compel
Despair, Hate, Murder to take flight;
And in his darksome eyes the light
 Of yore once more appears,
 Soft-shining through his tears.

2.

In tones as loving and as sweet
As those with which the breezes greet
The summer morn, and swear their love
By Sol supremely grand above,—

He strove to soothe her pain :
He swore by his dead parents' love
(The which he felt sent from above,
Now he was once himself again)
That Lionel should hear the truth,
And that the true but jealous youth

Should soon be hers again ;—
He swore that naught should change his mind ;
Not darkened looks ; not words unkind ;

No ! even not a blow !

The youth the truth should know

Though Edith—falsest maid !—

Were present and heard all he said.

3.

And thus the youth soon calmed her fears,
And stayed that flood of tears ;
And being near her home,
He left her, promising to come
When in the starry sky
Chaste Dian (queen on high)
Paused o'er the garden gate

(As she was wont to do,
To watch the lovers true,
Young Lionel
And Amabel);
Then he would his success relate.

XIV.

I.

When Jack had reached the river side,
Among the willows he descried
The form of Lionel.
That youth was pacing to and fro,
And groans of bitter, bitter woe
Upon the listener fell.

2.

An instant after face to face
The young men stood. The hand of Jack
Was proffered. Lionel pushed it back,
And in his voice was not a trace
Of his deep anguish when he broke
The silence. These the words he spoke :
“ You would shake hands, you hypocrite !
I in your smirking face would spit
Were you not such a dirty dog,—
Were you else than a treacherous dog !
You stole the heart of her I love,

And soon within this grove
One of us shall lie!
You have, I see, your hunting knife,
And I have mine: defend your life;
For one, or both, shall die
Ere evening dims the sky!"

XV.

1.

The form of Jack seems to dilate
And quiver, and the demon Hate
Once more arises in his eyes;
But thoughts of sorrowing Amabel
Can all his rage dispel.
Ah! Sin before Devotion flies,
And memory of pure Amabel
Has chased Hate from his eyes.

2.

How wondrous calm and sweet his tone
How purely bright his brown eyes shone!
When he commenced: "Well, be it so;
But I would pray for friend and foe,
And for myself, before my knife
Is turned against another's life.
I pray that Heaven may forgive—
Or if you die or if you live—

Your wrong to gentle Amabel
Who loves you yet, and loves you well,—
The wounded maid whom late I found
Unconscious on a mossy mound,—
The stricken maid to whom I swore
That, ere the shadowed heavens wore
The customed jewels of the night,
And Dian gave to earth her light,

 You all the truth should know,
Though you should greet me with a blow.
I pray unto the Lord of Heaven

 That Edith be forgiven
For telling you that Amabel
Loves me ; for unto you alone
Is given the love of that sad one,—
Yes ! yet she loves you, Lionel.
I pray that strength be given to me
To bear my sorrow patiently ;
For, spite of all her wickedness,
I can not love my Edith less !
Now, Lionel, I have my knife,
And am prepared to fight for life."

3.

Impatience marked young Lionel
 When Jack began to speak ;
But a deep crimson flushed his cheek,

And though he strove he could not speak,
When told the woe of Amabel.
With supplicating hands upheld
He crouched upon the ground when Jack
Ceased speaking, and his bosom swelled
With mingled passions ; all the black
And poisonous clouds of jealousy
Were swept from off his heart, and he
Once more could see with vision clear.
Low prayers for pardon reached the ear
Of Jack ; then Lionel's deep distress
Was lost in blest unconsciousness.

XVI.

I.

'Twas near an hour ere Lionel
Recovered.—Jack worked long and well
To bring him back to consciousness,
And as he worked he musing fell :
“ Poor boy, the weight of his distress
Caused him to faint ; and some there be
Who to a lack of manliness
Would charge the weakness, but, for me,
I've ever held the manliest heart
Is first to act a woman's part
When there is cause for real distress.

A hero never rose to bless
The people with his mighty deeds
And sow the fast-increasing seeds
Of future good to all mankind
Through bloody feats of war,
But tears would rise his eyes to blind
And Pain would rise to scar
His heart when he beheld distress.
Who can term this unmanliness?"

2.

With consciousness came memory,
And Lionel was sorely grieved
To think that he could have believed
In Amabel's infidelity;
But when Jack told him that his Love
Would meet them at the garden gate
When Dian rode the heaven above
(Meek Dian, chaste, sedate),
His grief grew less, and on Jack's head
He called the blessings of high heaven,—
He prayed the love of Edith, fled,
Might soon again to Jack be given.

XVII.

With promises to meet when Night
Into the sky should come,
The young men started home,
Along the Susquehanna bright.

XVIII.

I.

O Night! what robes you wear when in this vale
You pause to rest! Sometimes the moonbeams pale
Will clothe your form in heaven's silvery sheen,
As light as that with which the chaste stars screen
Their *boudoirs*, when they lay them down to rest,
Wrapping a gauzy cloud about each breast.
Sometimes you put your garb of mourning on,
And moan aloud; for he, the envious Sun,
Has drunk the life-blood of this lovely vale,
And left it parched and fainting; then your wail
Is changed to tears which so revive the earth
That it can laugh at peeping Sol when morning springs
to birth.

2.

But oh! how gently beautiful that night
When Jack and Lionel started up the height
Toward Amabel's home! The trees beside the stream
Sent up to Dian soft, sweet songs of praise
That she once more permitted them to gaze
Upon their shadows, mirrored in the breast
Of lovely Susquehanna. A stray beam,
From heaven, found the mocking bird's lone nest;
And, wakened from his happy evening dream,
He poured such melody as called an answer from the
blest.

XIX

I.

“Who told you, Jack,” asked Lionel,
“That Edith taught me to believe
That you loved Amabel?”
“Ah! Lionel, we can’t deceive
Ourselves, however much we try;
And in the light of Edith’s eye
A something stood which told to me
That she loved you; and I could see
The author of that calumny
In her. Now, Lionel, tell me,
Who told you I had lost the love
Of Edith?” “She herself it was;
And though I praised you far above
All men I know, I could not move
Her heart, nor learn of her the cause
Of her behavior; but this morn
She told me you loved Amabel,—
She said you had left her all forlorn,
And that within her breast was born
A love for me. Oh! then a hell
Of hate for you sprang in my breast.
I swore that, if the tale were true,
Nor night nor day should give me rest

Till I had squared accounts with you.
Forgive me, Jack ; my jealousy
A madman made of me ! ”

2.

“ Console yourself,” was Jack’s reply ;
“ For I felt that same hate for you.
I swore that you and Edith should die ;
And but for Amabel brave and true
I’d have kept that unholy vow.
Your Amabel knew all the tale
Of Edith’s sudden change toward me,
And she alone in all this vale
Has heard my whole life-history ;
But you shall hear it now.

3.

“ When but a child, my parents died,
And lone and penniless I was left
To make my way against the tide
Of prejudice which still is felt
Toward the orphan. But, bereft
Of all my kin, I still had left
My father’s heart within my breast.
Beside my mother’s grave I knelt
And swore that I would never rest
Till I had made myself a home ;

And that, should good or evil come,
I so would shape my life that I
Should meet her in her home on high.

4.

“ I need not go into details
And tell you all my ups and downs.
You know the rewarding spirit sails
As zigzag as a school-boy's kite,
And oft when all seems lost in night,
Our greatest hope she crowns.

5.

“ By weary years of toil I gained
A little home within this vale ;
And then my fortunes seemed to sail
As straight for heaven as soars the lark,
For in a short time I attained
The broadest farm for miles around ;
And then, as Heaven chose to mark
Me for all good things of this world,
The love of Edith crowned
My bliss, and pure Affection curled
Around the arteries of my heart,
And Peace became of life a part.

6.

“ You know the rest. If I could die
To-night, perhaps the world on high
Would grant its peace to my sad soul
Through which the dirges roll—
Through which my weary pulse doth toll—
‘Sorrow shall be thy dole.’ ”

7.

Lionel tried, but all in vain,
To comfort Jack. The bitter pain
Of unrequited love can be
By time alone removed.
Though he who once has loved
Must love for an eternity,
Yet time will ease his pain,
Though his sad heart ne'er joy again.

XX.

I.

The young men, during their conversation, stood
Within the shadow of a little wood
Which marked the confines of a grassy space,
So wrapped in thought that they had failed to see
The rapid change that came o'er the heaven's face.
But now the storm grows in intensity,

And from the sky is blotted the last trace
Of Dian,—gone the beauty and the grace
Of the fair queen of love. The dark storm king
Is now commander of the hosts on high,
And fiery gleams dart from his angry eye,
Blasting great trees which, toppling to the ground,
Add but small volume to the appalling sound
Made by the clashing thunder clouds. For hours
The battle wages; then the struggling powers
Retire, and Dian again is marshaling
Her shining train in orderly array,
And once again the earth is smiling 'neath her sway.

2.

Too late the young men saw the gathering storm!
Too late they tried their journey to pursue!
From out the wood they hurry in alarm,
Then haste to seek its shelter. Well they knew
'Twere folly to attempt to climb the height
Unless a friendly heaven should lend its light.
Many a man on such a stormy night
Had lost his life there; and the gossips said
That on such nights the mount was haunted by its
dead.

3.

The storm is o'er, and now the eager sight
Of both the youths is turned to Dian bright.

Far in the west the lovely orb, in state,
Is traveling—far past the garden gate.
Alas! alas! that such should be his fate!
But ne'er again the younger youth shall wait
To see the lovely moon pause o'er the garden gate.

4.

Though past the hour assigned, the youths decide
To journey up the mountain, hoping to find
A friendly servant to whom they dare confide
The object of their call. The moon is kind
And lends her brightest light. They reach the gate
And pause.—Feels one that he is on the brink of fate?

5.

They had not long to wait, for from the vale
Two servants came, who told a fearful tale
Of dangers they had met in their ascent.
By one long flash of lightning they had seen
A panther crouching but a yard away.
The beast saw them and down the mountain went
His sinewy body in a copse to screen;
And once a blasted tree was seen to sway
And topple toward them, but a kindly wind
Had swerved it from their path; long grasses twined
To trip them as they staggered up the height;
And then a smile of Dian gave them light,

And all was well.—The youths soon made it plain
That they had urgent cause to see Amabel,
And down the dimly-lighted walnut lane
The four men took their way. Who—who can tell
The awful scene that met their eyes when they
Gazed through an open door into a room
Where (clad in white, as shrouded for the tomb)
Upon a lounge young Amabel in peaceful slumber lay?

XXI.

I.

When Jack had left young Amabel
She slowly wandered to her home,
Assured that he would surely come
At night, and that the tale he'd tell
Would be a happy one. She dried
Her tears, and with a smile she tried
To hide her recent misery
From her poor father's watchful eye;
But all in vain.—The mother-love
(Steadfast as are the stars above)
Can penetrate each deep disguise
In which the loved one vainly tries
To hide his pain ; and a loving sire
Fills the mother's place, should she expire.

2.

The old man saw that sorrow keen
 Had touched his Amabel ;
But what the cause he could not tell.
He tried to reason, but all in vain,
For many weary years of pain
Had driven reason from his mind ;
And yet he had an undefined
Assurance that a wrong had been
 Done to his Amabel,
But what it was he could not tell.

XXII.

I.

When night was come the eager maid
Passed 'neath the waving walnut trees
Through which the silvery moonbeams strayed,
Whene'er they parted to the breeze.
Though long it was to watch and wait
Before the moon in regal state
Should pause above the garden gate,
Yet she preferred to be alone,
For in her heart a mystic tone
Assured her that she soon should meet
Her Lionel.—Ah ! maiden sweet !
Ye soon shall meet, never to part—
Joined aye to his your faithful heart.

2.

Long—long the maiden watched ; but fate
Had so decreed that o'er the gate

 The moon should pass that night
 Hid from her eager sight.

The storm came up ; but still she stood
And vainly waited, till the rain
Came down in torrents ; then again
She sought her home, still light of heart,
For something whispered that Jack would
Come to her home when ceased the storm ;
And still another thought would dart
Into her mind, her heart to warm :
She felt that Jack would with him bring
 Her Lionel—her king.

• 3.

She sought her home, and all in white
She clad herself ; for would not he,
Her Lionel, be there that night ?
And would not spotless purity
 Be loveliest to his sight ?

Yes ! robed in white she would meet the youth,
For long ere this he had learned the truth,
And he would say that she was pure
 As was the dress she wore.

4.

Sweet—sweet to her each waking dream!
And when she fell asleep a gleam
Of perfect bliss shone in her face,—
A gleam from heavenly place.

XXIII.

I.

What fearful sight has stayed the blood
Of the watchers at the door?
They saw the old man bending o'er
Young Amabel, and mute they stood
To hear an incoherent flood
Of passionate terms from his lips pour;
They heard him mutter, "Your pure life
Were better freed from earthly strife;"
And then they saw a gleaming knife
Descend, and Amabel's pure soul
Was flown unto the Mystic Goal,—
Was flown into the Great Unknown,
To join her mother's round the throne.

2.

An unknown power had seemed to stay
The faculties of all the men.
Jack was the first to act, and when
The old man's arm was raised, he sprang

Forward, and loud his order rang :
“ Hold ! hold ! ” but naught but death could sway
The purpose of that weak old man.
The murder done, he turned and ran
Adown the mount, with Lionel
And Jack in hot pursuit. Their cries
Of “ murder ” through the night air fell
Upon the vale beneath ; and now
Many a wakened farmer tries
To stop the old man, but in vain.
He swiftly flies to where a ledge
To the fair stream its head doth bow,
And his poor fevered brain
At one deep plunge at last finds rest ;
And his soul is gone to Him whose pledge
Gives peace to each troubled breast.

3.

“ We must save *her* father ! ” Lionel cries,
And he bravely plunges in—and dies
The death of the weak old man.
Though Jack and others searched thro’ the night,
And the stream was dragged by the next day’s light
(The stream that so calmly ran),
To their gaze was denied a sight
Of the forms of the youth and the suicide,
Gone down to the sea with the tide.

XXIV.

It was a blessed Providence
That saved young Lionel the grief
He would have felt for Amabel's death.
Such sorrows can benumb our sense
Of right and wrong, and the belief
That none has right to stay the breath
Of life by rash act of his own,
From sorrowing mind is often gone;
And better 'twas that he should die
In vain attempt to save a life
Than that he live to grieve and sigh,
Or 'gainst himself should turn the knife
Which severs life's frail tie.

XXV.

I.

I saw a babe the day 'twas born to life;
I saw it wage a year of useless strife
Against Consumption—the foul, throttling fiend!
And not one moment from its life was gleaned
Of perfect peace. Its mother could but weep
To see it suffer in its restless sleep,
Having no charm to soothe its ceaseless pain.
She hopes to meet her innocent child again
In that blest land where earthly strife and woe,

Or memory of past grief, can never go.
"The grave—the grave ends all," the atheists say :
From such assertions I must turn away.

2.

I knew a maiden pure as heaven's own dew ;
No thought of harm came o'er me when to woo
A lover came to her. She fell ! she fell
Through promises as false as fiends of hell.
One morn the Susquehanna's gentle tide
Gave to sad friends her corpse—a suicide !
"Oh ! she is gone to hell," some Christians (?) say :
From such assertions I must turn away.

3.

Surely Amabel was joined to him whose love
Was her transcendent joy in this sad world ;
And he, the suicide, whose wife was hurled
Into eternity by murder foul,
Was to her joined in that bright world above
Where, blest for aye, is winged each loving soul.
Though all the world should shout as answer, "Nay!"
From such denial I would turn away.

XXVI.

They buried gentle Amabel
Beneath the oak she loved so well.

XXVII.

She was not evil—Edith Keen—
By nature, and the harm she wrought
Was swiftly to her own door brought.
Before the maples' leaves of green
Were all dyed red, a maniac's cell
Held her whom Jack had loved so well.
The dire result of her deep plot
Had preyed upon her contrite heart
Till reason from her mind did part;
But never was her sin forgot,
And ever till the day she died
Two ghostly forms were at her side,—
She slept to dream of Lionel,
And woke to rave of Amabel.

XXVIII.

Some years ago an aged man
Was found within the catacombs
At old Shawnee. The silent glooms
Of these old chambers served to ban
A curious world, and here Jack Dent—
For he it was—alone had spent
Long, weary years. At night he sought
The forest, and his woodcraft brought
The food that he required to him.

But now old age began to dim
His mind, and so kind friends who yet
Remembered him, but long had thought
That he was dead, contrived to get
Him to a house near by ; and here
Death found him. Just before he died,
With many a sigh and many a tear,
He told the tale I give you here,
And asked that he be laid beside
The bones of that pure, gentle maid
Buried beneath the old oak's shade.

XXIX.

In summer Wyo's tender maids
Oft seek the deep sylvatic shades
Of that high mount near Nanticoke ;
And 'neath a giant hollow oak
 They find two lowly mounds
 Where the violet abounds,
And music from a streamlet near
Is wafted to the listening ear ;
For here, as ancient settlers tell,
Are the graves of Jack and Amabel ;
And seated on these mossy mounds
 Where the wild hearts'-ease abounds,
The maidens pray the saints above—
The maidens pray the King of Heaven—

That never may their hearts be riven
By the pain of unrequited love ;—
They pray the happy saints above—
They pray the loving King of Heaven—
That never may their own love rove
From lovers true to whom 'tis given ;
And oft a tender tear will drop
Upon each azure pansy top,—
Upon the violets, blest to dwell
On the grave of GENTLE AMABEL.



ORIGINAL DRAFT OF AMABEL.

An only child of aged sire,
She dwelt upon the mountain lone
Which marks Wyoming's western bound.
There, like a ball of orange fire,
The sun in Summer evening shone,
With yellow ether round.

Oh! like a being from the skies
She seemed to me, when first we met;
Though ever tears appeared to stand
Within the azure of her eyes,—
The luminous orbs I'll ne'er forget
Till Azrael grasp my hand.

With all the ardor of my soul
I strove to win her maiden love,—
The love of one for earth too bright.
Ah! did the song of angels roll
Adown the heaven, the maid to move,
That happy, happy night?

Oh! ever in my heart remains
The memory of that joyful time
When she returned my passionate kiss:

Afar I heard angelic strains
Whose rhythmic cadences sublime
But echoed my heart's bliss.

'Twas in the June, and flowers sweet
Gave odors to the gentle wind ;
Afar the Susquehanna gleamed ;
Bright Luna sat in wonted seat :
O peaceful Night, unto my mind
How beautiful you seemed !

Though mine was bliss without alloy,
Yet from my eyes the tears *would* pour,—
The happy drops naught could retard,—
As oft the waters of pure joy
Rise in the heart, when conning o'er
The rhymes of some old bard.

Within I felt the eager soul
Which strove the earthly frame to leave,
To fly into the Great Unknown,—
To speed unto the Mystic goal,—
Such nights as this pure souls receive
A message from its throne.

O precious Night ! the angels bright
Made you for us to breathe our vows,
Else you had not so lovely been

The tender influence of the light
Which gleamed through overhanging boughs
Made earth to heaven akin.

When mellow Autumn drove the sap
Of sighing trees into the fruits,
To change their hue from green to red,
And make them meet to deck earth's lap,—
When fields put on their yellow suits,—
My love and I were wed.

O Summer sweet ! O Autumn blest !
Why could you not forever stay ?
When Winter robed the earth in white
My darling flew to realms of rest,—
Sped far from earthly cares away,
Beyond the bounds of night.

Yet oft in that far-distant light
Which seems beyond the stars to lie,
A form ethereal I see,—
A form which beckons through the night
And bids me check the rising sigh,
And gives fresh hope to me.

WINTER CHORUS.

The chill winds to the night complain ;
Imprisoned streamlets sigh ;
The forests groan, as though in pain,
And echoing vales reply :
But, safe from cold,
Our hearts are bold,
With love-light in each eye.

The shivering moon looks through a cloud,
With face as pale as woe ;
The distant hills lie in a shroud
Of pure, velutinous snow :
But we are warm
And safe from harm,
With loving hearts aglow.

Oh ! sweet is love to youthful heart
As memory to the old !
And might I but be where thou art,
And aye thy charms behold,
Adversity
Could not move me,
Though she be ne'er so cold.

THE FROST UPON THE PANE.

The frost upon the pane!
The fairy pictures fast dissolve and change,—
From castles grand and courtiers gay they range
To lowly hut in valley weird and strange,
Or in a lonely lane.

The frost upon the pane!
There Nereid sporteth in her ocean caves;
There Nautilus saileth 'neath the limpid waves;
There see I genii, ladies, knights and slaves
Of good Alraschid's reign.

The frost upon the pane!
As it dissolves beneath the fire's warm glow,
So may the tears of blest repentance flow,
And as they purify the heart below,
Soul-flowers will bloom again.

The frost upon the pane!
O Soul! pure as that frost should be thy part,
Yet warm as is the red June-rose's heart;
And thou shouldst meekly bear each earthly smart,
That Heaven thou mayst attain.

SONNET—NIGHT.

The Sun is fallen from his western height,
And now is flying o'er Pacific' waves ;
And sober Twilight follows quick and laves
Her auburn tresses in his waves of light :
Now fiercely in the rear comes raven Night,
To hasten them to their far western caves ;
The maiden coy flies on her way and paves
A purple passage for his rushing flight.
Above, pale Luna and her train look down,
Seeming to watch them in their rapid race,
And Luna has a smile on her fair face.
The lovers now are gone, and, with a frown,
Black Night speeds after—but, in his swift flight,
He drops a sable mantle, and 'TIS NIGHT.



DAISY M. SCOTT.

Died when die the flowers from which she took her
gentle name—

Daisy,—she whose soul—a flower—the loving angels
claim,—

Daisy,—she whose life shone as a perfect altar-flame

Others' lives to guide and others hearts to warm
anew,—

Shining as the northern star shines through its case-
ment blue,—

Shining constant, constant shining, ever leading true.

Died as die the daisies, once again to spring to birth :
These to reawaken but again upon the earth ;

She to waken in that clime where ne'er is felt the dearth

Of love, as now her sire and husband feel her loss to-
day,—

Mourning for the flower from earth to heaven past
away,—

Mourning for the perfume of the flower that could not
stay.

Faded Daisy—blooming Daisy—faded from our sight ;
Blooming where the daisies never feel sad Autumn's
blight ;

Gone to grace celestial halls, this earthly Daisy bright.

RICHARD WINLACK.

I sing—though my slow-pulsing heart
Still in my weary eyes doth start
Dense mists, my sight to dim,
Whene'er I think of him—

I sing to one no longer here ;
But, through the starry heavens clear,
My song will float to him,
Far past the pale moon's rim.

Ah, still I see thy truthful eyes !
From out the gates of Paradise
They're turned on us below,
And loving is their glow.

“ There is a Fountain Filled With Blood ”—
It was thy favorite hymn. That flood
Cleansed thee. With heart elate,
Thou wast ready for thy fate.

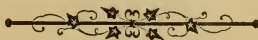
O Hell ! from out thy lowest shade
Mad Murder stalked, and all arrayed
In form like men of earth,
The ghastly fiend gave birth

To three assassins whose foul deed
Has caused our stricken hearts to bleed,
 And sadly shook our faith
 In the Word of Him who saith

“Vengeance is mine.” But ah, dear Lord !
Our faith abideth in Thy Word ;
 And well we know that he
 Is safe in Heaven with Thee.

O widowed mother ! dry your tears,
And past the bright supernal spheres,
 Send up the message dear,
 Unto his listening ear,

That you will rest your burdens all
On Him who marks a sparrow's fall, .
 And trust unto His love
 Until ye meet above.



AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

At Christmas-tide the sky's deep blue
Appears to take a fairer hue ;
Heaven's torches shine with brighter, clearer light
With purer silver Luna shrouds the night ;
Wild Winter sings a lively tune,
And e'en the flowers joy, for soon
The madid May will raise them to our sight.

At Christmas-tide each gladsome boy,
Each little lass, each maiden coy,
Feels in the heart a gentle spring of love ;
Shares happiness with those fair worlds above ;—
The winds breathe gayly forth their pleasure,
The branches dance to merry measure,
And Tellus seems with lighter step to move.

At Christmas-tide sweet Charity
Drops in the heart, all silently,
The dews which gently thaw its glassy rime ;
She bids it taste the pleasures of the time :—
The rich man seeks the beggar's door
And heaps his offerings on the floor,
While nature peals a pæan grand, sublime.

At Christmas-tide Peace—daphnied dove!—
Drowns Care in double-draughts of love ;
Sear sorrows steam from out the weary soul ;
A whispered cadence tells us that the goal
Of humankind is not the grave ;—
A Friend is come !—He comes to save !—
And down the heavens the angel-anthems roll.

At Christmas-tide the nations sing
The praises of the risen King ;—
Pure Piety gives each heart to feel her rule,
Though tutored long in Vice's shallow school.
Let all that dwell upon the earth
Give glory to the Savior's birth,
While chime the merry, merry bells of Yule !



HOW THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

The snow comes down on my lady's head
 With a touch as gentle as love,
Or as odor shed on the dahlia red
 When the rose moves queenly above ;
For my lady was bred in Luxury's bed,
 And she never has chanced to know
That spectre guant, most woeful Want,
 And her heart is as light as snow.

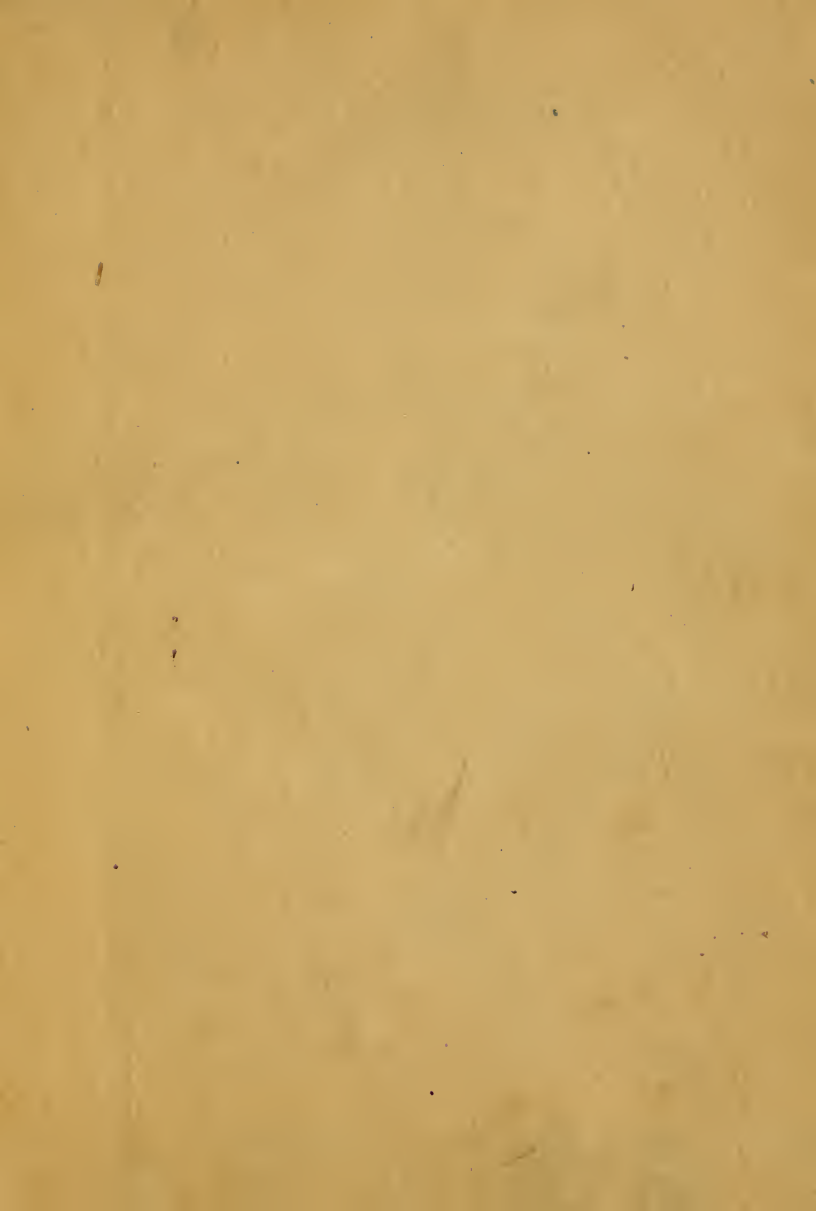
The snow comes down on the Magdalene's head
 Like a whisper from above.
It causes tears, for it brings back the years
 When her heart was warm with love ;
When parents dear and friends were near,
 And she never had chanced to know
Man's brutal lust. Poor victim of trust,
 Her heart is grown colder than snow.

The snow comes down on the rich man's head,
 And it makes his heart grow cold.
He never hears "the dropping of tears,"
 For the chink of his yellow gold.

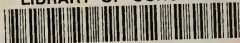
He nothing knows of others' woes,
And he never has chanced to know
That the love of God is the love of man,
And that charity's whiter than snow.

The snow comes down on the wanderer's head,
And it makes him shiver with dread.
O Charity! nor home has he
Nor place to lay his head.
He has suffered much in Poverty's clutch,
But he never has chanced to know
The gentle grace of a loving face,
And he only fears the snow.

The snow comes down in the lone graveyard,
And it softly kisses the sod.
In their lowly bed it keeps warm the dead,
And is sent by a living God.
'Tis a symbol fair of His watchful care,
And, though we don't chance to know,
He loves us now, and will care for us dead,
As shown by the graves 'neath the snow.



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